THE LADY'S

WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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THE ANACONDA.

"She speaks poinards, and every word stabs."

Much ado about nothing

"THE Lord in heaven forbid!" exclaimed the old man, while every limb was convulsed with horror—the blood forsook his cheeks and he clasped his hands in agony, "but the thing is impossible!" he resumed, after a few moments past in reflexion, "absolutely impossible!—What! Everard? a boy, whose childhood was passed under my roof, under my very eye?—whose manners was so mild—who was ever so gentle, so grateful, so kind—whose heart I know as well as I do my own.—Bless my soul, sister Milman, what a fright you have given me! But it's no great matter now, for when I reflect upon this history of yours I see clearly that the thing is quite impossible, and so there's an end of it."

"Now was there ever any thing so provoking? Brother, brother, let me tell you, that at your time of life, it is quite a shame to suffer yourself to be so blinded by prejudice—His childhood was past under your roof, forsooth! But where did he pass his *youth*, I should be glad to know? why, among tigers and alligators, that swallow up poor dear little children at a mouthful, and great ugly black-a-moor monsters, who eat nothing but human flesh, heaven bless us! and where's the great wonder, that living in such graceless company, Everard should have picked up some of their bloody tricks? Nay, Brother, to tell you a bit of my mind, for my own part I always suspected that there was something awkward in the manner by which he came by such a sight of money; though to be sure I never imagined, that the business was half so bad as it proves to be."

"Proves to be, sister! proves to be, indeed? Let me remind you that you have proved nothing, though God knows, you have asserted enough to make every hair on my head stand an end: and as to his fortune, I make no doubt, that Everard can give as satisfactory an account of his making it, as the honestest man within the bills of mortality."

"I should be glad to know then, why he so obstinately refuses to give any account

a year, since he returned from the East Indies, and yet there isn't a human being a bit better informed on the subject, than we were on the first day of his landing; though I am sure it's not for want of asking, for many and many a good hour have I past in pumping, and pumping, and yet here do I sit at this moment no whit the wiser! He always puts on such a solemn look, and takes the first opportunity of turning the conversation to something else: nay, the other day when I wouldn't be fobbed off with a cock and a bull story about heaven knows what, and put the question home to him in so many words—"By what means did you Everard Brooke, get so much money?" he turned his back plump upon me, and stalked out of the room; which was no great proof of his good breeding, you'll say; but mercy upon us! good breeding isn't what the gentleman values himself upon, for it was but last Friday, that he bounced out of the room to call Towser off, who was barking at a little dirty beggar-boy, though he saw that I had dropt my tea-spoon, and was obliged to stoop for it myself! a great bear! but indeed, I expected nothing better from a man, who has lived so long among Hottentots."

"Well, sister! I dare say, that he ought to have stopped to pick up your tea-spoon; though to be sure, I can't find in my heart to blame him very much for having gone first to rescue the beggar-boy; being afraid, that I should have committed exactly the same fault myself. But you know I never pretended to good-breeding, and in all matters of politeness, Sister Milman, I must give way to your better judgment and experience. However, I cannot be equally submissive respecting the material point; and in spite of all that you have advanced, I must still maintain my opinion, that Everard came by his money honestly, whatever you may have heard to the contrary."

"Then why wont he let a body know, *how* he came by it? Let me tell you, brother, that when a man has any thing good to tell of himself, he isn't so fond of holding his tongue; nay, for that matter, to hold one's tongue at all, isn't natural, and I warrant you, whoever does so, has some good reason at bottom for submitting to such a disgraceful restraint, if one could but get him to own it: and so think the Williamsons, and the Joneses, and my cousin Dickins, and all the family of the Burnabys: for *I* am not of so uncommunicative a temper as your darling Everard, heaven be praised for it! No if I get a bit of information, I am too generous to keep it to myself, and have no peace, till all my neighbours are as well informed as I am. So this morning, I no sooner got possession of this bloody story, than I ordered my chariot, and drove round the village, to communicate it to our friends and

relations. To be sure, they were mightily shocked at the account, as who wouldn't be? But they confest, that they always expected to find something wrong at the bottom of this mystery, and they think it a mercy that I should have discovered the truth, before things were gone too far between Everard and your daughter Jessy."

"And so you have been carrying this fine story all around the village? I protest now, sister Jane, it seems to me, that you have been giving yourself a great deal of very unnecessary trouble; and if, after all, your assertions should prove to be unfounded, I know not what recompence you can make poor Everard for this attempt to blast his character—the most innocent circumstances may be so construed as to wear an awkward appearance: there are always enough ill-natured people in the world ready to spread about scandalous reports, and Everard has too much merit not to have excited plenty of enemies; and here you have just now picked up a strange, unaccountable, rigmarole tale from one of these, and—"

"From one of his enemies!" exclaimed Mrs. Milman, fanning herself violently; very fine, truly! when I heard the whole story with these ears of mine, from the mouth of his own little coffee-coloured barbarian! Yes, to be sure; Mirza is a violent enemy of Mr. Everard's, that cannot be denied."

The old merchant's face underwent a considerable change, at hearing these last sentences: he looked distressed, and rubbed his forehead for some moments in evident anxiety.

"Mirza!" he repeated, after a pause—"Sister Jane, recollect yourself; this is no trifling matter; are you *quite sure* that Mirza asserts the truth of the story, which I have just heard you relate?"

"I tell you, brother, for the second time, that I heard him tell it with my own ears! not indeed all at once, for the wicked little Heathen knew too well, how little it was to his master's credit, that the fact should get abroad. Ah, he is a cunning hand, I promise you! But I went round about, and round about, and wormed, and wormed, and kept beating the bush, till I got it all out of him. I confess, I was obliged to promise faithfully, that his master should never know a syllable about it, for (he said) that it would give him pain to hear it mentioned, as to be sure, well it may; but when I found, what a horrible secret, it was, I had a great deal too much conscience to keep my promise, and lost no time in making the monster's guilt known to the whole neighbourhood."

"Well well, sister, I wont pretend to say that you did wrong, and I doubt not, you acted from the best motives; but yet I cant help wishing, that you had acted other-

wise! This Everard .... poor dear wicked fellow, he was once so good ...., so affectionate .... I would have betted all I have in the world, that it wasn't in his nature to kill so much as a fly—and to murder a woman—a woman too, that he had promised to marry— !"

"Aye! and to murder her in such a shocking manner too! first to shoot at her from behind a hedge, and when he found the poor creature was only wounded, to have the heart to run up to her, and actually beat her brains out with a club! Why, Mirza said, that he verily believed, that she was above half an hour dying."

"I never heard of any thing so horrible!"

"But what is worst, he wasn't contented with destroying the poor girl's body; he had previously ruined her precious soul! It seems, that her name was Nancy O'Connor; an Irish family, I suppose. I once knew an Irish officer of that name myself. I was but a girl then, and danced with him at the Hackney Assembly, and a mighty genteel comely-looking man he was, though he had but one eye; but that's neither here nor there. Well, as I was telling you, this Nancy was either the daughter or the wife of a rich planter, with whom Everard lived as clerk, or factor, or something of that kind. Well! and so, this poor girl fell in love with Everard, and he on his side was wonderfully attentive to Nancy; for Mirza says, that he passed whole days and nights in watching her, and ogling her, so that she actually could hardly stir without his knowing it; till at last he worked himself so totally into her good graces, and got such an influence over her mind, that (knowing his patron to have made a will entirely in Nancy's favour) he persuaded her to poison poor Mr. O'Connor, in order that she might share his wealth with her abominable lover."

"Poison her father? monstrous!"

"Her father, or her husband, for (as I said before) I am not certain which; but I should rather suppose, it was her father, for it seems, the poor deceived old man made it his dying request to her, that she should make Everard her husband, as soon as ever the funeral was over; so you may judge, how artfully the hypocrite must have played his cards! Well! now it was supposed, that Everard would immediately have made Nancy Mrs. Brooke: the settlements were all drawn up; the clothes were bought; the wedding-day was fixed: when lo, and behold! what do you think the ungrateful monster did? He persuaded the poor young creature to dispose of all her property; and when it was converted into money, and jewels, and such like, he enticed her into a wood, where he robbed and murdered her in the manner which you have just heard; and

then getting on board a vessel with his plunder in all haste, he managed to escape from Ceylon, before the officers of justice had time to discover what was become of him! The only thing which surprizes me is, that he should have brought away Mirza with him; but as the young Heathen was then quite a child, I suppose his master thought it probable, that he knew nothing of this bloody business, or would certainly forget it during the voyage. And now, brother, what have you to say in behalf of your fine Mr. Everard? Ah! how often have I told you, over and over again, I was certain, that something bad would come out against him all in good time! But you were obstinate; you still let him come dangling about your house, and keep hankering and hankering after your daughter Jessy; and now you may think yourself well off, if the girl's heart isn't fixed upon having the vagabond, and getting her brains knocked out in her turn, like poor Miss Nancy O'Connor."

Partial as the old man was to Everard, he could not but feel his faith in him a good deal shaken by this long string of horrible circumstances, and by the positive manner in which they were advanced. And now flocked in one after another, the Joneses, and the Williamsons, and all the family of the Burnabys, with their wondering, and their blessing themselves, and and their pity for poor Miss O'Connor, and their having long suspected nothing better. The good old man listened in silence, and sighed, while they assailed thus on all sides; but though he could not venture to contradict them, he could not find in his heart to join in their censures of the man, whom he had so long esteemed, and whom he still loved so tenderly. But when at length Cousin Dickins made his appearance, (a man of great importance in this family, for he was rich, a bachelor, advanced in years, and Jessy's god-father) and announced his thorough belief in Mrs. Milman's story, it was no longer in old Elmwood's power to remain neutral in the business. He declared his submission to cousin Dickins' better judgment, and his intention of declining any further communication with Mr. Brooke; for he no longer dared to call him by the familiar and affectionate appellation of Everard.

This declaration was received with great satisfaction by all present, and the resolution was pronounced *nem. con.* to be extremely judicious: the delinquent was at this time in London, whither he had repaired (as it was suspected) for the purpose of ascertaining the exact state of his property, in order, that on his return he might lay it before Elmwood, accompanied by a formal demand of his daughter's hand. This absence was thought very fortunate by the company, as it afforded the bes

opportunity for putting Jessy upon her guard; and it was determined to summon her without loss of time, make known to her the true character of the man, with whom she had so imprudently been suffered to associate, and insist upon her making a solemn promise in full convocation, that she would from that moment give up all communication with him.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Lady's Miscellany.

STRICTURES ON INTEGRITY OF HEART.

By Julia Francesca.

MR EDITOR,

In a former number I delivered my ideas on "Deliberate Injury,' as relative only to the female sex; I now, with some diffidence, offer my opinions on a very similar subject, with respect to those sentiments which ought to dignify the other. There is no criterion by which we may so justly appreciate the honor and integrity of man, as by his conduct towards the other sex. He may be correctly strict in his principles, and just in his public dealings between man and man, he may live uprightly even in the eye of the world, courted by his friends, and esteemed by his neighbours, but let us take a view of that interior rectitude of heart, which should guide and support him through his commerce with that sex which he is born to protect, to honor, and to cherish. I shall not advert to those indiscriminate and transient connexions which every man (every unmarried man) is liable to form with a certain description of women, though even those, however profligate and abandoned, are entitled to his commisseration and humanity, as having fallen (in all probability) through the deception of their seducers. It is to one particular species of intercourse that I will confine my subject, where neither promise is given, nor word is plighted, yet where a fair equality prevails, acceptable in the eye of God, and bearing no disparagement in the opinion of the world. In the usual train of circumstances where there is an attachment formed between two persons of different sex, where the views are honorable, it is publicly known that they are affianced by regard to each other, and an union of hands as well as hearts, is expected and approved by mutual friends and relations, but there is another kind of engagement which calls loudly on the attention of every liberal and feeling mind where (I repeat) neither promise is given, nor word is plighted. That desire of pleasing which is both natural and literally requisite between the sexes, ripens at length into a mutual attachment, by attention and respect on one side, on the other, gratitude and sensibility, the society of each is mutually sought after, the cares

the pursuits, the amusements are the same, "mutually adopted, participated, and soothed."—When the hour of business is over, he flies with avidity to the chosen of his heart, who receives him with the smile of welcome—her conversation (if a woman of education) softens, refines, and compensates, for the fatigues and toil of a day devoted to Mercantile occupation, and at his departure, she is consoled by the prospect of seeing him again on the morrow—to-morrow, and to-morrow, successive days, weeks, months, pass on in the same fascinating intercourse, each is convinc'd of the affection of the other, and thus time steals on, while the world judging by so visible a partiality, destine them for each other, by a union in which hearts and minds *appear* congenial, nor is it without foundation, when they behold him devoting every hour, every moment of his leisure to her, and her alone, who in full security reposes in the fallacious hope that he will one day make her his own, beyond the possibility of doubt; and though he has given no promise, plighted no vow, she fondly anticipates the event, in reliance on his honor and integrity, his principles, and his reason. The raillery of friends and acquaintance, ever attendanton supposed courtship, at length arouses him, and causes a total revolution in his mind. he pauses, reflects—erring judgment points out to him that she is guilty of the crime of dependence—that it is probable in conformity with the opinion of the world, that *she* also may look up to him as her protector, her friend, her husband! Rich in independence, and flourishing in commerce, vain of his triumph over a too susceptible but virtuous heart, he disclaims and abandons her to the poignancy of disappointed hopes, and wounded affections; too pusillanimous to unite with the woman he loved, who would more willingly share poverty with him, than splendor with a Prince! nor is this all, that mistaken world, judging still from appearances, condemn her for his criminal desertion, and aim at her unprotected bosom the shaft of malice! Does he come forward to defend her? No, though conscious of her innocence, he sees her suffer in silence! Is this principle? Is it honor? Is it justice? At length she sickens at his perfidy, and droops beneath unmerited scorn, while he, forgetting how often he has assured her that he loved her beyond all others, seeks in dissipation to silence the intrusive monitor within; but it cannot, shall not be! Conscience will not sleep—Ah, no! the image of her he so fondly loved, whom he has so cruelly injured, still rises to his view, her tenderness, her solicitude, her confidence in his honor, all upbraid him; and though rich in independence, and flourishing in commerce, he exists the self-doomed victim of dishonor.

In the following number of this

work, I will exhibit the cruelty of such unmanly and dishonourable conduct towards the softer sex, by some well-known and attested facts.

(To be continued.)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

INVOCATION.

A Fragment.

Who art thou, O young man, that, arrayed in the robes of righteousness, and walking in the pleasant and peaceful paths of virtue and religion, lovest to appear among the Saints, where thou art always so unofficious. A stranger! like one of the daughters of Zion, who beholds thee, an object so rare, with wonder and the highest esteem. O be it not so, erect and manly thy figure, pity beams in every look, and shews forth in every action, a bright and shining example for the young and rising generation; thy society is no doubt courted by the virtuous and the good. The children of grace, how blest, how happy must they be, who in the enjoyment of thy society, derive such extensive advantages. But alas! not for me who, brought up in the house of affliction, and now the child of misfortune, seeking in retirement that consolation which springs from the supreme source of all good. But again—thy name, young man, I would know, for, why that benignant, that heavenly look at the door of the church? Dost thou but know how dangerous to that heart which beat in unison with thine in the most glowing and ardent love to the Supreme director of all good.

DAUGHTER OF ZION.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY, OR, AN ENIGMATICAL ADDRESS TO THE FAIR.

Mr. Editor,

Sir—It is a duty very highly incumbent on all true patriots, lovers of their country, and friends to society, when they make any important discovery, to publish it, and make it known to the world, in order that the present and rising generation may profit, and be benefited thereby. It has been my good fortune to make the following discovery, which I deem incumbent on me to make public, in order that those who are journeying onward towards the isle of *dissolution*, may not get stranded or shipwrecked thereon. The discovery alluded to, is the Old Maid's Island, the form of which is exactly square; its boundaries and situations are as follows:—

Geographical description
of the
OLD MAID'S ISLAND.

1. On the East, by AVARICE, DISCONTENT, and FEAR.

2. On the West—JEALOUSY, CONTENTION, and SUSPICION.

3. On the North—OBSTINACY, PRECIPITANCY, and WHIMSEY.

4. On the South—HATRED, ENVY, and DESPAIR.

Its situation is sixty-five degrees below the Isle of *Century*, and thirty-five degrees above the Peninsula called *Birth*. From late experience, this island proves to be very unfertile as it respects vegitation, but it abounds in animals of all kinds, of the most huge monsters of species. I would advise all who may be traveling towards the Isle *Dissolution*, to keep a good look *out*, and be very cautious that they do not get on this gloomy, dismal, horrid, island, for if any should have the misfortune to run foul of it, they must inevitably be lost. The fair's most devoted and humble servant,

ÆSOP.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

THE APPARITION.

'Twas night, gloomy night, when all nature was hushed in calm repose, when no sound was heard, save that of the chirping cricket. As I lay musing in my bed, my thoughts assailed with gloomy apprehentions, and moping, Somnus guarded the beds of numberless mortals, but mine alone, he had forsaken; methought I had lost entirely his kind patronage, and in the course of half an hour had begged his assistance three times; when dreadful to relate the door turned on its creeking hinges, my heart turned in my body and my body turned in my bed! Saw nothing, but heard the dreadful apparition approach me; my fancy painted his grisly beard and golden eye balls shining against the wall with terror. It came on my bed, which I had already crept to the foot of; it pulled the clothes, I pronounced a small ejaculation, and prepared calmly to meet my fate. A long silence ensued—then a shrill voice—another pause—and at last I had the fortitude to put out my head: when to my eternal confusion, mortification and disgrace, I saw—*Poor pussey cat.*

WHIMSICAL POETICAL CROSS-READINGS.

The candles purloin'd last Saturday night—
'Tis shrewdly suspected will all come to light

A good dose of salts and a gentle potation—
To take out the stains—in a soil'd reputation

Return'd from their travels, to see foreign parts—

Fresh oysters and lobsters transported in carts.

Two hampers of porter five casks of salt petre—
Set to music by Handel, in excellent metre.

A pedler came travelling by with his pack—
Containing ten white men, a squaw and a black.

A snow storm, with thunder and lightning, 'tis said—
Fell down the chimney, and roll'd into bed.

GLEANINGS

FROM LONDON PAPERS.

"Oliver Cromwell.—It is a singular circumstance, and not historically known, that this extraordinary man had at a very early period of his life, a bloody quarrel with that prince, whom he afterwards, at the head of the republican party, caused to be beheaded on the scaffold. The occasion of the quarrel was this; about three years after the accession of King James the VIth to the throne of England, the Earl of Mar, who had the charge of his majesty's 2d son, Charles, Duke of Albany, at the palace of Dunfermline, Scotland, received a commission to bring his royal pupil to London, and, on his way thither, to pass some days at Huntington, at the house of Richard Cromwell, the father of the famous Oliver, and who was married to a daughter of Sir Richard Stuart, of Ely, whose ancestor sprung from the Royal Family of Scotland, in the reign of Robert III. It is observable, that on account of this relationship, King James himself also spent two days at Richard Cromwell's house, on his way from Scotland. In compliance with his instructions, the Earl of Mar and his young Royal charge, did pass several days at Huntington, during which Charles and Oliver, who were nearly of the same age, had several skirmishes. Walking one day in the garden their differences rose so high, that a boxing match, ensued; the consequence was, that Charles, though elder by one year, was worsted, and retired from the scene of action, with a *bloody nose*. Oliver being severely corrected for the daring act he had committed, indignantly said, "I hope yet to knock the head of the Scotch dog off, instead of giving him a bloody nose."

"In an action respecting the right of a road, Mr. Holroyd was cross-examining a woman: he pressed her to answer a question *upon her oath*; at the same time she trembled very much. Mr. H. suspecting she had not told him the truh, asked her the cause of the tremor that was upon her.—After some hesitation, she answered him very fiercely. "That he was enough to frighten any body." At this the learned gentleman sat down quietly, and joined in the general laugh against himself."

Female Pickpocket.

Friday night, at the Haymarket Theatre, a well dressed footman shewed a lady of the Ton into a box, which was occupied by a gentleman and two ladies. The stranger, who seemed pregnant, with her arms across her breast, begged to be excused, as the contiguous box, which she had engaged, was occupied through mistake, by a large party of fashion, to whom she had conceded her right. She was politely accommodated, and conversed with one of the ladies upon the incidents of the piece, but retired upon the approach of the gentleman, and attached herself to the other lady, who seemed very much pleased with her conversation. She now pretended to be ill, and ordered her coach. She had not left the box above twenty minutes, when the ladies, wishing to know the hour, looked for their watches, and lo! they were gone. It now occurred to them that the fair impostor had false arms, when the real ones were by no means unemployed. Official research has hitherto been unsuccessful.

"The princess Charlotte of Wales attended divine service at Chichester Cathedral, on Sunday se'nnight, in the afternoon. On Monday the princess, attended by the lord bishop of Chichestor, lord and lady Sudley, and lady De Clifford, visited the Printing-office of Mr. Mason, at Chichester, when the whole process of the typographic art, was laid open to her royal highness, by Mr. M. She staid nearly two hours, and expressed the highest satisfaction. The office was papered and carpeted for the occasion.'

SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

The tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and impearls the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek was likened to the blushing beauty of that charming flower, and though it has since lost its vermillion, it still retains a partial similitude, for the tear is on it.—But, alas! no cheering sun exhales sorrow, and the chrystal that stole forth in the morning from my eye-lids, holds its place at the midnight hour.—And is love, said I, the canker-worm that has preyed on thy beauty; does that torturing passion make thee shed the careless tear?—No, Sir, replied Lucilla, love gave me all the choicest blessings, during five years; I rioted in them, and this world was a heaven to me—William, it is true, is no more; but he died in the field of honor—he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell for their country—I bathed his wounds—his last words blessed me—and his expiring sigh was breathed forth in my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow—but I had my consolation—my William loved none but me, and he still lives in the blessed

image which he left me of himself—it was my duty, and soon became my sole delight to point out to the darling boy, the path in which his father trod, and to instil into his expanding mind an emulation of parental virtue—his young breast felt the glowing flame, and he was wont to weep when I led him to the grave which glory had dug for his father; but he too is taken from me—he sleeps beneath this turf which I adorn with flowers; here my fancy feeds my sorrow, and this sacred shrine of affection I shall daily visit, until weary nature conducts me to my husband and my child.

A jovial son of Bacchus, had so far impaired his health by the practice of drinking, that a physician, who was called in, pronounced his case desperate, since his present intemperance would quickly end in death, and an immediate forbearance might be equally fatal. The man being alarmed, begged the Doctor to propose some remedy, be it ever so severe.—On enquiry, it was found that his usual dose was twenty glasses of rum or brandy each day. The Doctor advised him to continue his potion as formerly, but on finishing each glass, to drop in a single drop of melted sealing wax; which was done, until the glass was gradually filled with the wax, and the drunkard perfectly cured of his miserable habit.

A Sailor went into a barber's shop to have his beard taken off.—The barber happened to have but one razor, and that, for want of proper intimacy with the hone and and strap, was rather dull. The sailor took his seat, and the barber began to execute his office, and at every scrape (which gave the sailor extreme pain) he would cry, Do I shave easy, sir? Do I shave easy, Sir? The sailor bore the scratching with a good deal of patience for some time: however, the barber taking him by the nose, and (after several scrapes, which made Jack think skin and all was gone by the board,) continuing to repeat the question, Do I shave easy, sir? Jack gravely replied, "honest friend, to answer your question, you must first inform me what you are about; if you call it skinning, it is tolerably easy—but if you call it shaving, it is d—d hard."

When a bill was before the Virginia legislature for making lands subject to the payment of debts, one of the members who opposed it said, that if it should pass, it would 'circumblustrificate the prosinority of the comsriduction;' meaning, that it would destroy the prosperity of the commonwealth.

Anecdote of two rural lovers.

I spent some months last Summer, in a very retired place, about an hundred miles from London;

and one of my chief amusements (being like Charles, of a speculative turn) was to observe the progress of a rural courtship. The lover was a stout, healthy, agreeable young fellow, in a very humble sphere of life; and his mistress a pretty girl, the daughter of the most topping farmer in the neighbourhood, and a tenant belonging to the family with whom I resided. There was something in both the young people extremely engaging; and the exquisite simplicity in the looks and behaviour of the innocent Jenny, might have made a deep impression upon the heart of a man much more highly bred than Joseph was; who came one morning to the father of his mistress, to demand her, and like a fashionable lover, also her fortune. The wary farmer, who saw how matters went, offered but fifty pounds with the girl. Joseph, who knew he was a man of substance, shook his head, and stood hard for an hundred. Poor Jenny was all this while peeping out at her window, listening to the dialogue, which was, in her opinion, to make her happy or miserable for ever. At last, finding her lover on the point, as she thought, of giving her up, she said to him, with her heart full of anxiety, and her eyes full of tears, "do now, Joe, take my father's money, if you can."—There was an eloquence in this speech, dictated by nature, and delivered in a manner not to be described, which Joseph could not resist; he complied, therefore, immediately with the close-fisted farmer's terms, and married his Jenny soon afterwards, who proves an excellent wife, and they are the happiest of human beings, in consequence of their mutual affection.

A STORY OF ANCIENT TIMES.

Branstone, a respectable French author, relates, that in the reign of Francis I. a young lady, who had a very talkative lover, laid her commands upon him, to observe an absolute silence for an unlimited time. The lover obeyed the order for two years! during which space it was thought, that by some accident or other, he had lost the use of his speech. He happened one day to be at an assembly, where he met his mistress, who was unknown as such, love being conducted in those days in a more mysterious manner than at present. The lady boasted she could cure him instantly, and did it with a single word, *Speak!*—What more could the Pythagorean philosophy have done, with all its parade and boasting? Is there a lady now, that could depend upon so exact an obedience, even for only a single day! But the times of chivalry in particular, afforded examples, almost incredible, of attachment carried even to adoration, which the knights and other military heroes of those ages, constantly evinced for their mistresses, to whom indeed, they were, in the literal

sense of their amorous professions —the devoted *slaves*.

James Boswell, requested his father's (the lord president) opinion of the immortal Dr. Johnson, and whether he did not think him a "*perfect constellation* in the literary hemisphere."—"Yes, my son, emphatically he is—the *Ursa Major*, the great bear.

On a gentleman reading to his friend an account of the tiger fight in the East Indies, an Irish gentleman exclaimed—"A *tiger* be hanged! Why, Sir, I once saw myself, two *Kilkenny cats* fight till they *devoured each other up*, except the *very tips of their two tails!*"

A trial for lands being pleaded before a certain facetious Judge, the council on both sides set forth their limitations in question by the plot; and the counsel pleaded "my lord, we lie on this side;" and the other said, My lord, we lie on this side," —Nay, then, said the Judge, if you *lie* on both sides I'll *believe* neither of you."

A strolling player, of indifferent character, having offered himself as a candidate for the stock of a country-manager, was asked if he was well acquainted with the *stage-trick?*—"O yes, (replied the votary of Thespis, "for I have just tricked a STAGE-*coachman* out of his *fare*."

A person of the name of BULL chanced to call on an acquaintance of the name of HIDE: "Well, what is become of your horns, Mr. *Bull?*" said the latter, who affected to be a wit; "You know they always go with the *Hide*," replied he, to the satisfaction of all present.

An Hibernian wit seeing an old man and woman in the *stocks*, remarked that, they put him in mind of the *babes in the wood*.

Those of our Patrons who intend removing, will please give notice at this office.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, the 21st inst. by the rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Charles Rhind, to Miss Susan Fell.

On Sunday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. William Beach, to Miss Hester Conklin, both of this city.

.....

DIED,

On Friday evening, the 21st inst. of a lingering illness, Mrs. Margaret Whitton, aged 70 years, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

At Charleston, on the 11th inst. Thomas Shepherd, Esq, one of the Editors of the Charleston Times.

On Thursday evening, the 20th inst. Mr. Benjamin A. Davoue, son of Mr. Frederick Davoue, in the 22d year of his age.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

AGAIN with grateful feelings I peruse,
Kind Evelina, thy inspiring muse,
That prompts the friendly strain;
And though between us mighty waters roll,
Nought can divide that sympathy of soul,
Which soothes thy Julia's pain.

Yet what can friendship, sympathy, impart?
Say can they heal the deeply wounded heart?
The bosom's peace restore?
Ah, no! not e'en Religion's self can heal
The pangs ingratitude has made me feel,
And live but to deplore!

No more this widow'd heart can grateful bound,
As Spring diffuses all her sweets arouud,
Ands bids Creation smile;
Revolving seasons bring no joys to me,
With Apathy all Nature's charms I see,
Nought can my cares beguile.

Yet Evelina, I would fly to thee,
And thou this desolated heart should see,
And bid me hope renew;
Thy accents sweet (perchance) might peace restore,
And friendship's balm in this sad bosom pour,
Like drops of healing dew.

Bending with thee, before th' Almighty throne,
This murmuring heart should there its faults atone,
And seek those truths divine,
"Which angels sung at our Redeemer's birth,"
To soothe the frail and sorrowing child of earth,
And bless'd by Evelina's pious worth,
My willing soul resign!

JULIA FRANCESCA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

Written during a long and unpleasant voyage from London to New-York, in 1806.

HERE Julia lies, of patience quite bereft,
And mourns those friends so dear, she lov'd and left;
No crime has ever mark'd her social life,
A tender mother, friend, and faithful wife;
And yet what penances this voyage await,
The slave of weather, wind, caprice, and fate,
For here no cheering smile her warm heart greets,
The dark impatient frown alone she meets.
Release her heaven from so severe a doom,
This ship her prison, and this cot her tomb!

Communicated for the Miscellany.

. . . . . .

LINES,

By a young Gentleman, on his departure for the West-Indies.—Addressed to a young lady.

ADIEU ! dear girl, a last adieu !
We part, to meet no more ;
Adieu to hope, to peace, to you,
And to my native shore.

If fortune had propitious smil'd,
My love had made me blest ;
But she, like me, is sorrows child,
By sadness dire oppress.

I go to India's sultry clime,
Oh ! never to return ;
Beneath some lone embow'ring lime,
Will be thy lover's URN.

No kindred spirit there shall weep,
Or pensive, musing stray ;
My image thou alone will keep,
And grief's soft tribute pay.

J N. B.

NELLY HAGAN.

A DIRGE, FROM THE IRISH.

TUNE—*'Twas when the seas were roaring.*"

IN Ballyricknakelly,
By Lagan's limped stream,
Once flourish'd blue-eyed NELLY,
Each rural Poet's theme.

Full many a rich young farmer
Her hand in wedlock sought ;
But all in vain—The charmer
By wealth could ne'er be bought.

At length an artful rover,
From Mona's distant isle,
Address'd her as a lover,
And did her heart beguile.

And soon the favour'd stranger
Prevail'd on her to fly
With him, and brave the danger
Of winter's stormy sky.

She left her tender mother,
The frowning sea to pass ;
She left her loving brother,
And hurried to *Ardglass*.

A vessel there was ready,
To waft the lover's o'er ;
The wind blew strong, but steady,
For *Mona's* misty shore.

But ere half channel over,
A squall, with furious sweep,
Whelm'd vessel, maid and lover,
Beneath the raging deep !

Ye gentle nymphs of Lagan !
That read this rueful strain,
Lament fair NELLY HAGAN,
Who perish'd in the main.

And when designing strangers
To leave fond parents press,
Reflect on your own dangers,
As well as their distress.

London paper.

TERMS OF THE MISCELLANY.

To be delivered to city subscribers at $1 50 cts. a volume, *to be paid for at the conclusion of the volume.* Persons residing out of this city, *to pay in advance.*

Postage of letters to the Editor must be paid, or their contents will not be attended to.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
EDWARD WHITELY,
NO. 46 FAIR-STREET—NEW-YORK.

—'What then don't you know Miss Nancy! No; never heard of Miss Nancy O'Connor, I warrant?'

—'No, Madam; I never did.'—

—'Well. come, now, that *is* a good one! To beat a lady's brains out, and then to cut her acquaintance, and pretend you know nothing about her, is the finest piece of modern good-breeding, that I ever heard of! Nay, indeed, I never expected much good breeding, from *you*, Sir, ever since that affair of the tea-spoon. But one thiug I can tell you; your little copper-coloured Hottentot, Mirza, sings a very different song from you on this occasion; for I had the whole story from his own lips.—'

—'From Mirza's? Impossible!'—

—'It's not mighty polite in you to contradict one so plump, Sir, but no matter for that; I repeat it; Mirza told me himself, that you had poisoned a gentleman, and beat his daughter's brains out; and now so much for that, and butter for fish. Nay, if you don't chuse to believe me, call the boy hither, and ask him; I desire no better, and I see him playing in the garden at this moment.'—

—'And it shall be done instantly!' cried Everard, at the same time throwing up the window—'Mirza! Mirza!'—

Mirza was soon in the room.

—'Pray, Mirza, what is the meaning,' began Everard, but Mrs. Milman immediately interrupted him.

—'Silence, if you please, Sir; I'll examine the boy myself. Come here, Mirza; well, and how d'ye do, my dear? Pray, Mirza, what was that pretty story you told me this morning about poisoning somebody, and killing somebody with a club, and.—'

—'Oh! Missy, Missy! cried Mirza, 'you no say dat! Massa tell me no talk.—Massa grieve—Massa angry.'—

"No, no, child: he'll not be angry. He wants to hear how prettily you tell the story, and so you must tell it *all*; mustin't he, Mr. Brooke?" Everard gave a sign of assent;——'You know, Mirza, it was all about how your master made his fortune; well, and so, Mirza, (upon my word, you're a very nice doy, and there's sixpence for you,) well, and so you say, my dear, that your master killed her in a wood: what? did he kill her *quite?*'

—'Iss, quite! she quite dead! Massa beat brains out wid great club!'—

—'*I*, Mirza?" exclamedi Everard; 'Did *I*?—

—'Iss, dat you did, Massa! and God him bless you for it!'—

—'Bless him for it!' whispered Mrs. Milman to Cousin Dickins; "there's fine morality! the wicked little Heathen! but you'll hear more presently!" then turning again to the boy; "well but, Mirza, you told me something too about *poisoning*—what, I suppose, before your master killed Miss Anne O'Connor...'—

—'Conda! Conda!' interrupted the boy.

—'Condor, was it?' repeated Mrs. Milman:—"well, well, Connor, or Condor, the name makes no difference. Well, Mirza, and so you say, that this Anne O'Condor, instigated by your master, I suppose . . .'

"Oh! my massa! my massa!" shrieked Mirza in a tone of agony, at the same time pointing to Everard: who pale as death, and with a countenance expressing the most painful agitation, rushed to a table, on which stood a decanter of water, of which he hastily swallowed a draught; though so violently did his hands shake, that the goblet was carried to his lips with difficulty.

"Forgive my leaving you so abruptly," said he, in a faltering voice; "I will return in a few minutes:" and he hastily quitted the apartment, followed by Mirza.

Now then his guilt was past doubting! Mrs. Milman spread out her petticoats, fanned herself with an air of triumph, and began a sermon upon the wonderful effects of conscience. Surprise had checked the course of Jessy's tears; the blood had deserted her lips and cheeks, and she sat motionless, looking like a marble statue. The good old Elmwood felt in his own the wound, which his darling's heart had just received: but he had nothing to offer for her relief, except a fond pressure of her hand, and a sigh of compassion. The rest of the company shrugged up their shoulders at the depravity of human nature, and nodded their heads significantly at one another, as if they had been so many Chinese josses—Suddenly the door opened; and Mrs. Milman was still in the full flow of her eloquence, when Everard reentered the room, to all appearance perfectly recovered from his late disorder.

"Mrs. Milman," said he, "I am now master of the whole of this business. Your ignorance of circumstances peculiar to the East, the singularity of my adventures, and the broken English in which you heard them related, have led you into a most extraordinary mistake. I cannot clear it up, without subjecting myself to the most agonizing recollections, and rending open afresh those wounds, which (it's true) are scarred over, but which are too deep and too dreadful to be thoroughly healed. If, therefore, the opinion of the world were alone concerned (that

opinion, which is so little necessary to my own happiness,) I should leave you in your error, rather than subject myself to the pain of an explanation—But I see in this circle two persons, one of whom possesses too dear an interest in my affections, to permit my leaving a single thorn in her gentle bosom, which I have it in my power to remove; while the paternal kindness which the other showed to me while I was still a boy, demands that I should convince him that it was not shown to one unworthy. To calm their feelings, I will sacrifice my own; and much as I shall suffer while making the recital, the recital of my adventures shall still be made. Be attentive then, and every thing shall be explained."

Curiosity now became the predominant expression—Elmwood breathed freer, held up his head higher than before, and shook his daughter's hand affectionately; a roseate blush stole over the lovely fair face of Jessy, while a look of silent gratitude thanked her father—the rest of the company drew their chairs closer together, and prepared to listen with all their ears.—Everard seated himself, and thus began:

(To be continued.)

MY AUNT CHARITY

Departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty-five. In her teens, she was according to her own account, a celebrated beauty—though I never could meet with any body that remembered when she was handsome; on the contrary, Evergreen's father who used to gallant her in his youth, says she was as knotty a little piece of humanity as he ever saw; and that, if she had been possessed of the least sensibility, she would like poor old *Acco*, have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face, the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the hey-day of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a Tartar feels in the presence of his Grand Lama. If a gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage, or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and taffeta! her very past shoe-buckles sparkled with indignation, and for a moment assumed the brilliancy of diamonds: In those days the person of a belle was sacred; it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger—simple souls!—they had not the *Waltz* among them!

My good aunt prided herself on keeping up this buckram delicacy, and if she happened to be playing at the old-fashioned game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it than

it was worth; for she made a most gallant defence, and never surrendered *until she saw her adversary inclined to give over the attack.* Evergreen's father says he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and when they came to kissing-bridge, it fell to his lot to levy contributions on Miss Charity Cock-loft, who, after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow bank, where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This Latonian feat cost her a rheumatism, from which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt, though a great beauty, and an heiress withal, never got married. The reason she alledged was that she never met with a lover who resembled sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy; but I am privately of opinion that it was owing to her never having had an offer. This much is certain that for many years previous to her decease she declined all attentions from the gentleman, and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow creatures. She was indeed, as good a soul as the Cock-loft family ever boasted; a lady of unbounded kindness, which extended to man, woman and child, many of whom she almost killed with good nature. Was any acquaintance sick? in vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat; my aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, to visit them. she would sit by them for hours with the most persevering patience, and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery, to keep up their spirits. The whole catalogue of *yerb* teas was at her fingers' ends, from formidable wormwood down to gentle balm—she would descant by the hour on the healing qualities of hoar-hound catnip and penny-royal. Woe be to the patient that comes under the benevolent hand of my aunt charity, he was sure to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin Christopher borne a twinge of pain in silence, through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her materia medica. My good aunt had moreover, considerable skill in astronomy, for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year; and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce, with more certainty, at what precise minute the moon changed. She held the story of the moon's being made of green cheese as an abominable slander on her favorite planet; she had made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burnt glass, which entitled her at least to an honorary admission in the American philosophical Society. Hutchin's Improved was her favorite book: and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns and consumptions.

But the truth must be told—with all her good qualities my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremly rare among her gentle sex—it was curiosity. How she came by it I am at a loss to imagine, but it played the very vengeance with her, and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know every body's character, business, and mode of living, she was forever prying into the affairs of her neighbours, and got a great deal of ill will from people towards whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any family on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles, and sit at the window until the company were all housed, merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story of any of her acquaintances, she would forthwith, set off full sail and never rest until, to use her usual expression, she had got' to the bottom of it,' which meant nothing more than telling it to every body she knew.

I remember one night my aunt Charity happened to hear a most precious story about one of her good friends, but unfortunately too late to give it immediate circulation. It made her absolutely miserable and she hardly slept that night for fear her bosom friend Mrs. Sipkins, should get the start of her in the morning and plow the whole affair. You must know there was always a contest between these two ladies, who should first give currency to the good natured things said about every body, and this unfortunate rivalship at length proved fatal to their long and ardent friendship. My aunt got up full two hours that morning before her usual time; put on her pompadour taffeta gown, and sallied fourth to lament the misfortune of her dear friend—Would you believe it!—wherever she went Mrs Sipkins had anticipated her, and, instead of being listened to with uplifted hands, and open-mouthed wonder, my unhappy aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and listen to the whole affair with numerous additions, alterations and amendments!

Now this was too bad; it would almost have provoked Patient Grizzle, or a saint. It was too much for my aunt, who kept her bed for three days afterwards, with a cold as she pretended; but I have no doubt it was owing to this affair of Mrs. Sipkins, to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt Charity's life, cheqeured with the various calamities and misfortunes and mortifications, incident to those worthy old gentlewomen who have the domestic cares of the whole community upon their minds; and I hasten to relate the melancholy incident that hurried her out of existence in the full bloom of antiquated virginity.

In their frolicsome malice the fates had ordered that a French boarding-house, or *Pension Francaise*, as it was called, should be established directly opposite my aunt's residence. Cruel event! unhappy aunt Charity!—it threw her into an alarming disorder denominated the *fidgets*! she did nothing but watch at the window day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser at the end of a fortnight than she was at the beginning: she thought that *neighbour Pension* had a monstrous large family, and somehow or other they were all men! she could not imagine what business neighbour Pension followed to support so numerous a household, and wondered why there was always such a scraping of fiddles in the parlour and chambers, and such a smell of onions from neighbour Pension's kitchen; in short, neighbour Pension was continually uppermost in her thoughts, and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had failed 'to get at the bottom of a thing,' and the disappointment cost her many a sleepless night I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferretted neighbour Pension out, could she have spoken or understood French, but in those times people in general could make themselves understood in plain English; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn French.

My aunt Charity had lived at her window for some time in vain, when one day as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, she beheld a little meagre, weazel-faced Frenchman, of the most forlorn, diminutive, and pitiful proportions, arrive at neighbour Pension's door. He was dressed in white, with a little pinched up cocked hat; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones and threatened instant annihilation. This embodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with old trunks, chests, bank-boxes, *bidets*, medicine chests, parrots and monkeys, and at his heels ran a yelping pack of little black nosed pug dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt Charity's affliction; she could not conceive, for the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be, that made so great a display; what he could possibly do with so much baggage, and particularly with his parrots and monkeys, or how so small a carcase could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul! she had never had a peep into a Frenchman's wardrobe, that *depot* of old coats, hats, and breeches, of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life.

From the time of this fatal ar-

rival, my poor aunt was in a quandary—all her enquiries were fruitless; no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger; she never held up her head afterwards—drooped daily, took her bed in a fortnight, and in 'one little month' I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault—being the seventh Cockloft that has died in a whim-wham!

Take warning my fair countrywomen! and you, oh ye excellent ladies, whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs and neglect those of your own household—who are so busily employed in observing the faults of others that you have no time to correct your own—remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

ON ANGER.

Anger is accompanied by the most absurd, as well as the most injurious consequences, of all the passions. Among fools it is contagious, and often seizes on a whole company infected by a single patient. What imbecility! There is a beautiful and apt allegory in the Persian language, which exhibits this passion in a very contemptuous light.—"*A shallow puddle, and not the sea, is troubled by the falling of a pebble.*"

I attribute all the happiness of my life to the instruction of this allegorical adage. In my very extensive travels, I was often the object of anger, from my ignorance of particular customs in particular countries. This anger of strangers I studied to soothe, and not to irritate; and I saw so much folly in appropriating this moral disorder as I should in giving myself a head-ache because my companion had got one.

Before I began my travels, I was of a very irritable disposition; but after a very short period, I had found so much offence to my feelings, in the censure and curiosity of strange nations, that I at length acquired a temperence of toleration which taught me to pity, and not to resent the passions of others; and when to an angry or illiberal observation I reply with complacent language, it is but marking my own superiority of moral temperament, and showing that I am not to be infested with moral as with physical contagion. A philosopher may catch the small-pox from a conversant; but if he catches his passions, he must be a fool.

This invaluable maxim of avoiding moral contagion, by behaving politely to the vulgar, complaisantly to the angry, humble to the proud, and wisely to the foolish, has conducted me over all the world, through the constant shock of customs, tempers, and opinions, without a single personal quarrel; and I have often met European travellers in the eastern parts of

the world, who in a few days journey, had met with more disasters of quarrel in a single hour than I had done in thirty years travel.

How often does the ignorance of this maxim, in managing the temper, cause the misery of human life! How many unhappy victims of the passion of anger would be relieved by attending to the Persian adage!

What valuable friendships are often dissolved by a reciprocal, or contagious anger, in the interchange of a few unmeaning words! What long and sacred connections are dissolved between respectable masters and worthy servants, by a hasty expression! What interruptions to social intercourse, among neighbours, are caused by the contagion of ill-humour.

I have always observed in company that a soft and soothing reply, made to an angry observation, has carried in it such influential reproof, that the angry person has been abashed and consternated with overwhelming shame, while the complacent and mild conversant, became the idol of every man's esteem

The practice of the foregoing maxim introduced me to the great secret of human happiness, which was the independence of self on the vice and ignorance of its own species. I attached myself to no nation that I might follow liberty, peace, security, and pleasure, wherever they appeared. And I gave my applause, my support, and residence to America, because its laws preserved those blessings.

Anecdote of the Rev. John Elliot, of Roxbury, Mass.

So great was Mr. Elliot's charity, that his salary was often distributed for the relief of his needy neighbors so soon after the period at which he received it, that before another period arrived his own family were straitened for the comforts of life.

One day the parish treasurer on paying the money for salary due, which he put into a handkerchief, in order to prevent Mr. Elliot from giving away his money before he got home, tied the ends of the handkerchief in as many hard knots as he could. The good man received his handkerchief, and took leave of the treasurer.—He immediately went to the house of a sick and necessitous family.—On entering, he gave them his blessing, and said God had sent them some relief. The sufferers with tears of gratitude welcomed their pious benefactor, who with moistened eyes began to untie the knots in his handkerchief. After many efforts to get at his money, and impatient at the perplexity and delay, he gave the handkerchief and all the money to the mother of the family, saying with a trembling accent: "Here, my dear, take it;

I believe the lord designs it all for you."

Civic Crown.

The highest reward among the Romans was the *civic crown*, given to him who had saved the life of a citizen. This political institution may suggest some reflections. It has been said, that the ancienta believed that the first men fed on the acorn. Was this the reason, which suggested to the Romans the idea of forming the civic crowns, the highest reward which could be conferred on a citizen simply of the leaves of the oak? Did the legislator by these means wish to instruct his people, that a citizen who had preserved the life of another had most assimilated himself to nature? A golden crown was presented to him, who first mounted the rampart or entered the camp of the enemy, to him who first scaled a city in an assult or boarded the ship of an enemy, but to him who by his exertions, had saved the life of a citizen, was presented the *civic crown*, formed simply of the branches of the oak. The naval, mural, and triumphal crowns recompensed military merit, but the *civic crown* proved that he who had deserved it was above all recompense. There was something sublime in the ceremony of presenting the civic crown. By the appointment of the general it was presented by the person whose life had been saved, who placed it on the head of his benefactor, whom he afterwards loved and respected as a parent.

Provincials.

A Gentleman in Wales who had in vain attempted to terify intruders from entering his garden by placing in it steel traps, and other engines, thought on the followiug device: He wrote to a friend of his in London an eminent surgeon, desiring him to send down the first leg he should amputate. This request was very soon complied with. In that part of the country it is usual, after service on Sunday, for the cryer to proclaim, when any thing is lost, &c. because at that time, the concourse of people is greater than at any other. The leg was delivered to this officer, who, standing upon a tomb in the church yard, and holding the naked limb in his hand, gave notice that it had been found the preceding night in J. M———, Esq.'s garden, and whoever owned it might come and receive their property without fear or punishment. Although no one appeared to claim the member, the sight of the mangled limb made so deep an impression on the minds of the spectators, that no depredations were committed after, in the gentleman's garden or premises, whose produce was secured by this innocent and ingenuous artifice.

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

ON PASTRY.

Pastry is to cookery, what rhetorical figures are to speech; its life and ornament. An harangue without metaphors, and a dinner without pastry, would be equally insipid; but as every body is not possessed of eloquence, so few people know the art of scientifically handling paste. Good pastry cooks are almost as scarce as great orators; and if in the records of speech, five or six great men have been justly celebrated, we should find some trouble in the history of the oven, to quote as many famous artists. The bar of Greece has been immortalized by a Demosthenes and an Eschines; and that of Rome by a Cicero and an Hortensius; and in France the rolling-pin has only been scientifically wielded by a Rouget, a Lesage, a Leblanc, and Gendrons, and very few others, who follow their steps. As to the pastry cooks of other countries, they are never even mentioned. Those of France alone have distinguished themselves. Toulouse and Strasburg have acquired a great name by their liver pies, and Periguex by its patridge ones; but how far are these preparations from those productions at the same time ingenious and deep which daily issue from the first ovens of Paris.

Pastry is an art both agreeable and useful; which young ladies would do well to practise; it would give them a pleasing occupation, and sure means of recovering or preserving their health and beauty. May I be allowed to quote on this subject, a few lines from a celebrated writer on cookery and pastry, to whom the world has been indebted for the best works that have ever been composed on the alimentary art:

"Cookery has the power of banishing *ennui* from all ranks; of offering a variety of amusements; of giving a gentle and salutary exercise to the human frame; of promoting a free circulation of the blood, from which we acquire appetite, strength and gaiety; of reuniting our friends; and tends to the perfection of that art, known and revered ever since the darkest ages of antiquity, and which on that account deserves some attention from all those who compose society.

"Amiable fair ones, who are suffering under the affliction of ill health or *ennui*, quit the destructive couch, which consumes the spring of your days; and let those moulds, destined for the purpose of forming innumerable delicacies, be no longer grasped by hands that are often disgusting; but let sugar, jessamine and roses be united by hands of the graces, and your offerings presented under a variety of interesting shapes, will make your delicious productions be sought for with avidity, and

For the Lady's Miscellany.

WHEN Delia was kind to my love,
How swiftly the hours would glide;
While wantonly pulling her glove
I'd seat myself down by her side.

When Delia was kind to my love
In my slumbers I'd fancy her nigh,
And when from my arms she'd remove
Awaking, I'd heave forth a sigh.

When Delia was kind to my love
Enraptur'd I'd gaze on the fair,
Swear ne'er from such beauty to rove,
Nor ever give cause for a tear.

But when the fair Delia despis'd
And treated my passion with scorn,
With sorrow and grief undisguis'd
My mind was distracted and torn.

But now free from sorrow and care,
My days I with happiness pass,
And free from the toils of the fair,
Will finish the sand in my glass.

And when death shall give me a call,
Serenely I'll welcome the guest;
And breathing forgiveness to all,
Will slumber in hopes for the best.

O. W.

THE MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

WELCOME, thou little dimpled stranger,
O! welcome to my fond embrace;
Thou sweet reward of pain and danger,
Still let me press thy cherub face.

Dear source of many a mingled feeling,
How did I dread, yet wish thee here!
While hope and fear by turns prevailing,
Served but to render thee more dear.

How glowed my heart with exultation,
So late the anxious seat of care,
While hope and fear by turns prevailing,
Served but to render thee more dear.

What words could speak the bright emotion
That sparkled in thy father's eye,
When to his fond paternal bosom
He fondly pressed his darling boy!

Oh! that thou mayest, sweet babe, inherit
Each virtue to his heart most dear;
His manly grace, his matchless merit,
Is still thy doating mother's prayer.

While on thy downy couch reposing,
To watch thee is my tender toil;
I mark thy sweeet blue eyes unclosing,
I fondly hail thy cherub smile.

Smile on, sweet babe, unknown to sorrow,
Still brightly beam thy heavenly eye;
And may the dawn of every morrow,
Shed blessings on my darling boy.

ODE TO MAY.

BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee decends the sunny show'r;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bow'r.

Light graces dress'd in flow'ry wreaths,
And tiptoe joys their hands combine:
And love his sweet contagion breathes
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glitt'ring throngs,
On quivering fin and rust'ling wing,
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee, goddess of the Spring.

STANZAS.

On silver wings exultant borne,
See the midnight fairies glide,
A dew-drop-wreath their locks adorn,
Reflected by the sleeping tide.

Now, o'er the dew bespangled lawn,
The splendid elfin circle move,
Glide o'er ripe fields of golden corn,
Or tell the fairy tale of love.

Or sportive chase some brilliant star
Swift shooting from its heav'n bright sphere;
Or ride, 'midst elemental war,
Their fairy car on evening tear.

Or chase some comet's fiery form,
Whose flames night's shadowy vale illume;
Or ride unhurt the lightning's storm,
Or tend some sister fairy's tomb.

Or up the slanting moon-beams climb,
Or chase some meteor's rapid ray,
Till morning comes, "sweet hour of prime,"
And warns the Sylphed tribe away.

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INSCRIPTION FOR A SUMMER-HOUSE.

In this sequester'd calm, 'tis sweet
To hear the sky-lark's earliest song,
The purple light of morn to greet,
These dewy paths of health among;

To mark the slanting sun-beams gleam,
On groves and hamlets, spires and trees;
Dimly to trace the winding stream,
And catch the music of the breeze.

When from the sun's meridian rays
The sick'ning herds to shelter fly,
These moss-grown seats, and windiing ways
A shade congenial shall supply.

Here let me wander, when at night
Dead silence holds her awful reign,
When the red beam of evening light
Slumbers upon the peaceful plain;

Or when the wether's tinkling bell
Swells on the ear, from distance borne,
The owl sails by, and through the dell
The beetle winds his tuneful horn.

Sounds such as these inspire the soul
With rapturous visions, soft and fair,
The woe-fraught scenes of life control,
And soothe the anguish of despair.

Oh ——! oft may Spring renew
The scenes thy presence makes so dear!
Autumn oft steep thy flowers in dew,
And Summer love to linger here.

Though Winter frown, 'tis but a day
Till laughing Spring resume her reign,
So joys and griefs our bosoms sway,
And heartfelt pleasures banish pain.

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